



BY
GENERAL
CARLOS
KING
A STIRRING STORY OF
ARMY LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

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promptly caused the information to be conveyed to the veteran commander that it was his own lost nephew who had died his soldier death in front of the firing line; but the packet still remained in his hands; and even before the tiny thermometer confirmed his views, the keen eye of the surgeon saw that something had heightened Billy's fever that day; and so, when just at sunset there came driving into the court the most stylish equipage in all Manila, and Mrs. Garrison dithered up the broad stairway and confidently asked to be announced to Mr. Gray, the steward in charge of the door was very, very sorry, but—the doctor had given in-

structions that no more visitors should see the young gentleman that day. Mrs. Frank smiled indulgently, and asked for the doctor himself, and beamed on him with all her witchery and begged for just a few words; but the suave, placid, yet impenetrable doctor said he, too, was sorry—sorry that Mr. Gray was not able to see anyone else, but such was the case. Mrs. Garrison said she thought if Mr. Gray knew that it was—but perhaps Dr. Frank didn't know it was she who had nursed Mr. Gray so assiduously at Honolulu. Dr. Frank did know that and more; but he did not say so; neither did he believe there were tears in her eyes as she sprang into her carriage again; but they were tears of anger and defeat. She dashed them away the very next instant and smiled joy and congratulation, even adulation, at sight of the tall, stalwart officer, his arm in a sling, who stood the center of a staring group as her carriage flashed by. She would have ordered stop; but while the rest of the party had gazed as they lifted their caps, Armstrong's unimpaired hand performed its duty, his cap had been lifted with the others, but not so much as a glance went her way; and Margaret Garrison, bitter in spirit, drove on down past the old quartet to her luxurious

quarters where Nita, a piteous shadow of the "sweet girl graduate" of the year before, was awaiting her coming. With the insurgents' retreat and the advance of the American lines there had been a gradual return of the refugees among the transports; and Frost had finally brought his birdling back to shore; but Nita dare not drive, she said, for fear of again seeing those stern, reproachful eyes. The guard at the gate had received orders to admit no more of the rank and file, even when they came as passengers; and so the child was safe, said Margaret. As for herself, she must drive, she must see Will Gray.

But the instant she reentered the house Mrs. Garrison knew that during her brief absence some new trouble had come. Good heavens, could she never leave Nita's side that harm did not befall her! At the head of the broad flight of stairs stood her brother-in-law, a black frown on his brow.

"Go in and do what you can for her," he briefly said. "I thought—she'd be glad to know that—that fellow would trouble her no more."

"That fellow?" she gasped. "You mean—"

"I mean—Yes—Latrobe—killed and buried a whole week ago."

"And you told her!" she cried, clenching her little hands in impatient wrath. "You—brute!"

Another week rolled by. The tide of battle had swept inland and northward; and all eyes were on the plucky advance of MacArthur's strong division, while far out to the south and east the thinned and depleted lines of Anderson held an insurgent force that forever menaced but dare not attack. The Primeval Dudes, sorely missing their calmly energetic colonel, had drifted into a war of words with their nearest neighbors on the firing line, a far western regiment gifted with great command of language and small regard for style. The latter had crowded mightily over their more rigorously disciplined comrades because of the compliments bestowed on them in an official report, wherein the Dudes received only honorable mention. It was Capt. Stricker of the volunteers who had led the dash on the rebel works across the Tripa to the left of Blockhouse 12. It was their Sergt. Finney who whacked a Filipino major with the butt of his Springfield, and tumbled out of him the batch of reports and records that gave the numbers and positions of every unit of Plar's division on the southward zone. It was their Corporal Norton who got the Mauser through the shoulder just as, foremost in the rush, he bayoneted the last Tagal at the Krupp guns in the river redoubt. It was his devoted buddy, Private Latrobe, who volunteered to carry the division commander's dispatch across the open rice field and the yawning ditches that separated the staff from the rest of the charging—tenths, and who died gloriously in the rush on the rebel works. Max after man of the woolly westerners had been referred to by name, while the Dudes had nothing to show but their wounded colonel's modest report that "where every officer and man appeared to do his whole duty it would be unjust to make special mention of even a limited few." The Dudes were getting hot over the taunts of the "Tonghs," as some one had misnamed their neighbors; and one night when there was more or less interchange of pointed shaft in lieu of a fight with a common foe there was heard a shrill voice from the flank of the rifle pit nearest the westerners, and what it said was repeated in wonderment over the brigade before the Dudes were another day older.

"Well, dash your thievish gang! We made our record for ourselves, anyhow. We didn't have to rely on any dashed deserters from the regulars—as you did."

And that was why Sergt. Sterne, of the Dudes, was sent for by the field officers of both regiments the following morning and blunder to explain, which he did in a few words. He was ready to answer that the wounded Corporal Norton was the very same young man he saw in the adjutant's office of the—tenths regularly at Camp Merritt, and then called Morton. And that evening the veteran sergeant major of the—tenths was bidden to report at the reserve hospital in Ermita, close to the Malate line, was conducted to the bedside of a pallid young soldier whose ticket bore the name of Norton, and was asked to tell whether he had ever seen him before.

"I have, sir," said the veteran, sadly and gravely. "He is a deserter from the—tenths. His name on our rolls was Morton." And that night Col. Armstrong cabled to "Primate," New York, the single word "Found." Nor was it likely the lad would soon be lost again, for a sentry with fixed bayonet stood within ten feet of his bed with orders not to let him out of his sight a second.

Mrs. Garrison appeared at the hospital that very evening and heard of the episode, and reached Billy Gray's bedside looking harassed, even baggard. During the past three days she had been accorded admission, for Gray was so much improved there was no reason to longer forbid; but on each occasion the wounded volunteer officer and the brace of attendants present had precluded all possibility of confidential talk. She must bide her time. Gray would be up in a few days, said the doctor; and then nothing would do, said Mrs. Garrison, but he must be moved to their big, roomy, lovely house on the bay side, and be made strong and well again—made to give up those letters, too, thought she; for she had worried it out of a bystander that a packet of some kind had been given by the dying soldier to the lieutenant, and she well knew what it must be. She had even penned him a little note, since not a whisper could be safely exchanged, and headed it: "Give this back to me the moment you have read it." It hit her reminded him of his promise, and—did he need to be reminded of hers? She knew that

packet of Nita's letters had been entrusted to his care. She assured him she had it straight from the surgeon who attended both Latrobe and himself, and they must reach the hands of no man on earth, but must come to her. Would he not give them at once or tell her where she could find them?

He gave back the note, but closed his eyes and turned away. In the presence of Armstrong day after day, and in the recollection of Latrobe's dying face and the last parting touch of his stricken hand, Gray's eyes were opening to his own deplorable weakness. She plainly saw her power was going, if not gone. He had wrapped a silk handkerchief about the packet and still kept it, with his watch and purse, beneath his pillow. He would not tell her where it lay. She smiled archly for the benefit of the attendant; but her eyes again eagerly claimed a look from his, her lips framed the word "to-morrow."

But neither on that morning nor yet the next day came her opportunity. The gallant fellow who had lain there for days, dumb and patient, but a barrier to her plans, had taken a turn for the worse, and she was again denied admission. Then came the tidings that the barrier was removed, the long fight was over; and the heartless woman actually rejoiced. Now at last she could talk to Will Gray; and when midnight came she knew that now at last she must, for Frank Garrison, worn and weary, returning late from the front, briefly announced that Gen. Drayton purposed visiting the hospital the following afternoon, and long before noon—long before visiting hours, in fact, she was there with flowers as winsome as her smile, and some jelly as dainty as her own fair hands. She was there, and the instant the hour sounded was ushered in, and Billy Gray, propped on his pillows, was writing to his father, and alone. No time was to be lost. Any moment the attendant might return. She threw herself on her knees beside the homely, narrow cot, seized his hand in hers, and looked him in the face. "Where are they, Will?" she pleaded. "Quick! I must have them now!" But well she realized



"Quick, I must have them now!"

that the spell was broken—that the old fascination had died its death. Then it was useless to hint at love; and in a torrent of impassioned words she bade him think of all he owed her, appealed to his sense of gratitude and honor, and there, too, failed, for, admitting all she claimed, he clumsily, haltingly, yet honestly told her he saw now that it was all for an object, all done in the hope that he might become her instrument for the recovery of those compromising letters; and now the fate had delivered them into his hands he was bound by honor and his promise—unheard, unspoken perhaps, but all the same his promise—to the dead to give them to Gen. Drayton.

Then rising in fury and denunciation, she played her last trump. Trembling from head to foot, pale with baffled purpose and with growing dread, she bent over him, both hands clenched.

"You mad fool!" she cried. "Do you know what I can do—will do—unless you give them to me here and now? As God hears me, Will Gray, I will give that other packet to Gen. Drayton myself and swear that Col. Canker was right—that you were the thief he thought you, and that I got those letters from you!"

For a moment she stood there, menacing, at his bedside, looking down in almost malignant triumph on his amazed and incredulous face; and then, with an awful fear checking the beat of her heart and turning her veins to ice, she grasped at the flimsy framework that supported the netting over the cot, and stood swaying and staggering, her eyes fixed in terror on the man in the uniform of a colonel, who, quietly entering, stood between her and the door, two papers in his half-extended hand—a man whose voice, long and too well known, cut her to the very quick as she heard, in calm and measured tone, the words:

"Mrs. Garrison, here are two reasons why you will do nothing of the kind. Shall I hand these to Gen. Drayton—or to your husband?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long wait for the coming of the big transports with the regulars was over. For the first time in history America was sending her soldiery past the pyramids and through the Indian sea, landing them, after 40 days and nights of voyaging, upon the low, flat shores that hem Manila Bay, and shoving them out to the hostile front before their sea-legs could reach the swing and stride of the marching step; yet, to all appearance, as unconcerned at home as though they had been campaigning in the Philippines since the date of their enlistment. This, to be sure, in the case of more than half their number, would have given them scant time in which to look about them, since raw recruits were more numerous than seasoned men. But no matter what may be his lack of drill or preparation the average Anglo-Saxon never seems to know the time when he doesn't know how to fight. So, with all the easy assurance of a veteran, our Yankee "Tommy" wriggled into their blanket rolls and trudged away to the posts

assigned them; and once more the army assumed the aggressive.

There were changes in the composition of the forces even before the move began. The dudes and the "tonghs" parted company; and the former, with Stanley Armstrong once more riding silent at their head, joined forces with Stewart's riddled regiment up the railway toward Malolos. Col. Frost had succeeded in convincing the surgeons that he would be as much out of place as his name itself in such a clime and climate, and was in daily expectation of an order home. Billy Gray, mending only slowly, had been sent to Corregidor, where the bracing breezes of the China sea drove their tonic forces through his lungs and veins, and the faintly rising hue of coming health back into his hollow cheeks. The boy had been harder hit than seemed the case at first, said the fellows of the—tenths; but the wise young surgeon of the "Second reserve" and a graced-faced colonel of infantry could have told of causes little dreamed of in the regiment—were either given to telling the half of what he knew.

That something most unusual had occurred in the room of Mr. Gray the day that the sad-faced, kind old general visited the hospital at least half a dozen patients could have told; for an attendant went running for one of the women nurses, and the doctor himself hurried to the scene. It was on his arm that, half an hour later, Mrs. Garrison slowly descended the stairs, her dimly white veil down, and silently bowed her thanks and adieu as the doctor closed the door of her carriage and nodded to the little coachman. It was the doctor who suggested to Col. Frost that Manila air was not conducive to his wife's recovery, and recommended Nagsasaki as the place for her recuperation until he could join her and take her home. The Esmeralda bore the White sisters over Hong-Kong way within a week; and they left without flourish of trumpet, with hardly the flutter of a handkerchief; for, since the battle of the 5th of February, neither had been seen upon the Luneta. Their women friends were very few; the men they knew were mainly at the front. The story got out somehow that Garrison had asked to be relieved from further duty as aide-de-camp and returned to duty with his regiment, and that Drayton would not have it. The general's manner toward that hard-working staff officer, though of a more composed as of old, grew even harsher. He did not see the sisters off for China—he was "far too busy" was the explanation; but he offered Garrison a fortnight's leave and urged his taking it, and was obviously troubled when Garrison declined. "You need rest and the change of air more than any man I know," said he; but Garrison replied that change of scene and air would not help him.

There were two young fellows in khaki uniforms landed from the hospital launch on the back trip from Corregidor one warm March day. One wore the badge of a subaltern of the—tenths regulars, the other the chevrons of a corporal and the band of a famous fighting regiment of volunteers; yet the same carriage bore them swiftly through the sentinelled streets of the walled city, and the guards at the Ayuntamiento sprang to their arms and formed ranks at sight of it, then dispersed at the low-toned order of its commander when it was seen that, instead of stopping at the curb and discharging an elderly general officer, it whirled straight by and held two youths in field uniform.

"One of 'em's young Gray, of the—tenths; he that was hit in the charge on the Panay road," said the officer of the guard to a comrade. "But who the devil's the other? He had corporal's chevrons on. Some fellow just got a commission, perhaps." And that was the only way the soldier could account for a corporal riding with a commissioned officer in a general's carriage. They had a long whirl ahead of them, these two; and the corporal told Gray, as he already had the general and Col. Armstrong, much of the story of his friendship for "Pat" Latrobe, of that poor fellow's illness at San Francisco and all the trouble it cost his friend and chum. There was a strong bond between them, he explained; and the blush of shame that stole up in the face of the narrator found instant answer in that of Billy Gray. Determined to see service at the front and not return to punishment in his regiment, never dreaming that, in quitting a corps doomed apparently to inaction at home, and joining one going straight to the enemy's country, he was committing the grave crime of desertion, "Gov" Prime had spoken to some men in Stewart's regiment and was bidden to come along and fetch his friend; for they were just as ignorant as he. Having still considerable money, "Gov" had bought civilian clothes and all the supplies they needed while about town, and hired a boat that rowed them, with certain items contraband of war, to the dark side of the transport as nightfall came; and they were easily smuggled aboard and into uniform, and then, during the few days' stay at Honolulu, were formally enlisted and no embarrassing questions asked.

And now poor Pat was gone and Prime's father had been cabling for him to return home; but there was that awkward matter about the desertion. (Gen. (To be Continued.)



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TIMETABLE.
In effect Nov. 12th, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
No. 1—12:15 p. m.	No. 2—7:30 a. m.
No. 3—8:40 p. m.	No. 4—4:30 p. m.

W. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass Agent, Toledo, Ohio.
H. J. WISCHILL, Agent, Alma.

TOLEDO, SAGINAW & MUSKEGON R.R.

Leave Albany.	Leave Albany for Detroit.
6:30 a. m. for Muskegon at 12:10 p. m.	2:30 p. m. for Muskegon. Close connections are made at Toledo for Detroit.
Trains Manager, with all trains of D. & G.	Detroit, H. A. M. Ry.
DETROIT, H. A. M. Ry.	DETROIT, H. A. M. Ry.

Grand Trunk R'y System.

EASTBOUND.

Daily Ex. Sun.
Muskegon 10:10 a. m. Lv. 10:10 a. m.
Sparta 10:20 a. m. Lv. 10:20 a. m.
Cedar Springs 10:30 a. m. Lv. 10:30 a. m.
Greenfield 10:40 a. m. Lv. 10:40 a. m.
Sheridan 10:50 a. m. Lv. 10:50 a. m.
Carleton City 11:00 a. m. Lv. 11:00 a. m.

WESTBOUND.

Daily Ex. Sun.
Detroit 11:30 a. m. Lv. 11:30 a. m.
Durand 11:40 a. m. Lv. 11:40 a. m.
Ontonagon 11:50 a. m. Lv. 11:50 a. m.
Ashley 12:00 p. m. Lv. 12:00 p. m.
Carleton City 12:10 p. m. Lv. 12:10 p. m.
Sheridan 12:20 p. m. Lv. 12:20 p. m.
Greenfield 12:30 p. m. Lv. 12:30 p. m.
Cedar Springs 12:40 p. m. Lv. 12:40 p. m.
Sparta 12:50 p. m. Lv. 12:50 p. m.
Muskegon 1:00 p. m. Lv. 1:00 p. m.

* Except Sunday.

A. R. COVEY, Agent, Ontonagon, Mich.

PERE MARQUETTE

Taking effect January 21.

P. m. a. m.	Lv.	Port Huron	Ar.	P. m. a. m.	Lv.	Port Huron	Ar.
1:30	1:30	1:30	1:30	8:10	8:10	8:10	8:10
2:30	2:30	2:30	2:30	9:10	9:10	9:10	9:10
3:30	3:30	3:30	3:30	10:10	10:10	10:10	10:10
4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	11:10	11:10	11:10	11:10
5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	12:10	12:10	12:10	12:10
6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	1:10	1:10	1:10	1:10
7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	2:10	2:10	2:10	2:10
8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	3:10	3:10	3:10	3:10
9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	4:10	4:10	4:10	4:10
10:30	10:30	10:30	10:30	5:10	5:10	5:10	5:10
11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30	6:10	6:10	6:10	6:10

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